

This is the cover of  
a book called:

The Footsteps of the Returning King  
that have been lost to us for such a  
long time it seems like they never were

and

other poems.

by:  
D. C. Wagner  
The Runcible Span  
California.



So I did this.

for the crystal lady  
who is in where  
the worm is born  
and harm is stored  
in stone jars - bark

such a sad  
cover!

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RETURNING KING THAT HAVE  
BEEN LOST TO US FOR SUCH A LONG TIME IT SEEMS  
LIKE THEY NEVER WERE AND OTHER POEMS

by

D.r. Wagner

being a series of poems writ in the poets own  
calligraphy and charting a course through the  
temples where there are no keys and showing  
tables certain of which are remembered for  
their being set with the soft things of this  
world and from which flows the color love.

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by D.r. Wagner

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO  
BARBARA AND LINDA AND SUSAN

some of these poems have previously  
appeared at Lourdes and Fatima.

Barbara,

my voice has become that thing again.  
Remember I told you of the place  
it all began IN.

I LIVED

there.

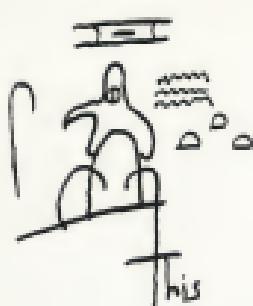
Why is it yr name

makes it so easy  
for angels to go to sleep?

I had that only din palaces.

I had not met such a cool

Glad e.



Not everything  
COUNTED

"RIGHT

for  
give  
me so  
many  
small  
things  
big ones  
break  
when  
touched  
and I  
am so  
afraid  
of what  
happens  
when even  
THEY

This  
hung  
in the

hall  
hall  
hall  
all  
all  
all night

next to where he lie

lie  
lie  
lie  
lie  
lie

in a few minutes  
I will be there  
It's all right little dog. It's all right a place, it's all  
RIGHT

I think I've said this before ::::

(((((  
Blurred  
))))))

Here the mss. spoke of

LOVE

but the words!!

you should have seen  
the shapes they spoke  
of you in

understand  
understand  
understand  
understand

if I could do my crazy  
dances in front of one  
of your mirrors would  
you see how my arms  
go around my body

and come out  
to you as now

I am feeling  
your breath  
across

my  
I's

If you wld give  
me a note to  
play I will write  
it with this hand  
I had been saving  
to touch your hair  
with.

Should I forget,  
remind me of what  
kind of flowers  
made yr back  
smell so good  
after we loved  
in those fields.

If I hold you  
with my eyes  
would your hands  
disturb my face  
and force them

back to where  
the stars are stored.

These unlit places  
where so many  
hard things have  
trouble being  
born.

I have these wonderful things  
to give to you if you will  
promise

to sing me a song about  
how everything was before  
this world stuck its fat ass  
in the window and shit  
all over the table.

If I speak to you of my dreams  
will you not go into them to find  
broken dolls and the little bedwetting  
things that make their eyes clear when  
even they are sleeping.

I don't want to ask  
how you reached out  
into that room and  
drew back things  
I told you about but  
It is so warm in here.  
I don't suppose anything  
will bother us if we just  
talk about what you left  
behind.

To spend so much time  
looking in the grass  
for snails and/or elves  
and finding only three  
pennies and a piece  
of green string

really isn't so bad  
if you consider  
how we found many  
other such things  
when we were two  
and thought them  
wonders  
and kept them  
in our pockets until  
we were not  
all that young.

I wanted to ask her  
what it felt like  
inside being mindful  
only of how it stretched  
against me and knew  
something about where  
home was but I could  
not she was training  
so fast and I did not want  
to be left here  
without anything  
but some hard  
SKIN

We shall  
We do OH  
there is so much  
more than here  
we can

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